

LIDA'S POEMS – Tributes to Husband

THE SMILING FACE

*Composed for her husband

Oh, give me the man with the happy smile
He loves all good people, he has no beguile
It is his nature to be pleasant, he has no trials
Oh, give me the man with the happy smile

Oh, give me the man with a happy smile
He goes through life, and does what is worth while
And, thinks of others instead of himself
Does not cheat the poor, to get more wealth

The greedy man grows greedier still
When he pushes men around to do his will
So give me the man with the smiling face
With him none can compare, and none take his place

Oh, give me the man that can smile in defeat
And can face all danger, with a smile complete
Who can smile and joke when all goes wrong
And greet the world with a smile and song

It takes a man of courage to go through life
When the world is filled with trouble and strife
But the smiling man has nothing to fear
For his life is so full of good wishes and cheer

So here is to the man with the smiling face
For he is the one that will win the race
And when at the close of his earthly career
He will enter heaven, with a smile and good cheer

THE BEYOND

You have been here, but you have gone
To a better land, in the great beyond
While I am left in doubt and fear
Of where you are, as my time draws near

Yet I have hopes of a better place
And I feel I will surely win the race
And be with you in a better land
Where I will find you, and grasp your hand

I cannot see your image now for tears
For you have been gone for many years
But your presence is felt in many ways
So helps me through the bitter days

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

*Written the first Christmas I was left a widow, 1934

It was the morning of Christmas and all through the house
Nothing was stirring, not even a mouse
I arose from my bed at the breaking of day
To see what was in store, for one so old and gray

Even the old clock had stopped, as if it were through
In silence I wound it, as there was nothing else to do
I thought in my heart what a change had been wrought
In fifty long years, since my children were tots

Then my husband was with me, we were happy and gay
But all that has passed, they have all gone their way
And left the old mother, in the lonely old home
With no one to help her, and no way to turn

I thought of their father who had toiled with bare hands
To bring us the comforts, from this bleak land
And all that he asked in return for his part
Was for them to be good citizens, true in their hearts

I thought of that first little home that we had
Built out of hewn logs, but it wasn't so bad
We never thought then, that I would be left
To end my days here alone and bereft

I thought of the many Christmases I made merry and gay
Put myself in the background, where I find I must stay
With no husband to guide me or greet me with cheer
I will tread my lone way through many a year

I thought of my comrade and neighbor so gay
Minnie Judd, my dear friend, has gone on her way
Long, long she has lain in her last earthly bed
While the storms of adversity still rage o'er my head

Oh was it for this I have struggled so long
And shrank from the sweetness of sunshine and song
And turned from the pleasures and friends in vain
To weep o'er my sorrows again and again

UNKNOWN TITLE

I am glad I left that little town
And came to this dear place
For if I had stayed I would never of seen
My husband's smiling face
For fifty years I lived a happy cheerful life
For fifty years I am proud to say
I have been Lyle Hatch's wife

MY HOME

*Composed in 1935

Long shadows creep across the rolling hills
Far distant mists reach up to hide the sun
Now fades the glow of crimson from the sky
The night falls fast when these long days are done

There is no sound to break the silence here
Hushed now the wind, which through the day has blown
As though it too flees this forsaken place
I fear the night dear God, I am so alone

Once strong brown hands were here to share these tasks
To tend the flocks to plow to reap to sow
I knew no loneliness when he was near
Why did you take him God, I loved him so

And he loved me I know, and loved these fields
The rich brown earth, and each fine tree
He planted here and best of all he loved
This small red house, he built for me

I could not leave the home built by those hands
So strong and tender too
So filled is every part with dreams
And blessed with joy we knew

The day brings endless chores, I do not mind
And then night falls, and as far as eyes can see
There is no place but this, no one to call
Should I need help, there is none to comfort me

DESOLATION

*Composed in 1940

Oh, happy years you have gone so fast
Why did you hasten? Did you long to go?
Why could not you stay, and make them last
Why could not you make time go slow

Happiness comes on angels wings
Does not stay long, counted by years
Time is sweet and heavenly as
But long years alone, brings bitter tears

We have no hope as the years travel on
We have no desire to mingle with friends
Our lives seem useless, our courage is gone
We are only waiting for the coming end

Now happy days, why could not you stay
A few more years, so I could go
And not be left in this desolate way
To live unloved and uncared for too

MY HONEYMOON TRIP – July 20th, 1882

*Composed in 1936

Fifty years ago when I was young and gay
And the world looked bright and all was sport and play
We started out one morning from the old Hatch ranch
To take a trip in the mountains, how our fine horses did prance

We traveled up the creek as far as we could go
There were no roads to be seen and we had to travel slow
Uphill and downhill, with birds and rabbits galore
We tramped o'er rocks and brush, our feet were blistered and sore

The men tied poles on the wagon beds, to keep from tipping o'er
In the gulches and water sheds, they did this o'er and o'er
Tina Workman and myself, rode on these poles all day
Around the sides of the mountains, we thought it fun and play

We landed at last in dry valley, with sheep, horses and dogs
He had built a log cabin, with trees cut into logs
He had made some beautiful furniture out of a tree
He had made a good old rocking chair, as fine as could be

When it came dark we discovered my father could not be found
We hunted, called and built bonfires, but could not hear a sound
He a& Lyle & Jim Clove had gone hunting, the timber was so tall
They returned, but father was missing, it caused grief to us all

Next morning the men went out searching
They agreed on a signal when he was found
They were to fire three shots from a hilltop
It was so hard to trace track on the ground

They found him quite early next morning
Poor man he could hardly speak
And ever since then that little hilltop
Has been called the Hancock peak

Many long years have passed since then
Years filled with sorrow and want
But this old heart still clings to that dear valley
We decided to call 'Bear's Haunt'

MEDITATIONS

*Composed while eating her breakfast, April 1942

Why do we cling to this mortal life
When we know there is a greater to come
Why do we care to linger in strife
When there is so little to be won.

Has life been so kind and tender to us
That we cannot give up to go hence
And leave it to the judgment
Of one that knows all our cares and woes

We should have more faith in the justice
Of him, who knows all our trials and care
We should not falter or question him
And of his ways be unaware

THE PHANTOM WEDDING RING

*After going through the temple on March 30, 1943

No wedding ring ever graced my hand
When I made my wedding vows, no shining band
Ever glittered there; to bind me to another life
Those vows were kept, I was his wife

But death stepped in and shattered those vows
They are not valid and are worthless now
So I was left to rivet those early bands
In a chain that will reach to that other land

Oh, Phantom Ring you must come again
And make up for lost time, we must regain
How sweet life will be when this is done
Our battle will be fought and our victory won

Now you did come again, My Phantom Wedding Ring
And greater blessings you did bring
Now we have welded a band that cannot be broken in life
For in Eternity I will still be his wife

ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

The temple stands on the highest ground
In a pleasant valley it is to be found
Surrounded by flowers and a grassy green
So beautiful and peaceful was the scene

It is a holy place, inspires the best of thoughts
And lifts your soul out of despair and doubt
Makes your life seem more worth while
Gives you an incentive to work and smile

You feel you have accomplished something in life
When you go through the Temple of God
And work for the dead, and your duty you've done
And your soul is at rest, for the loved ones gone

A PICTURE OF LIFE

*Composed in January 1944

As I sat by my fire one cold winter night
When all was still, the stars shone bright
A picture appeared in the glowing flame
Of a fair young bride, as she appeared again

Her wedding gown was fine and sheer
Her eyes were sparkling, she had no fear
Her young lover beside her, happy was she
Life seemed all sunshine as it should be

I saw her next as a youthful mother
With a babe in her arms; with her lover
The world looked rosy, she was content
All happiness was hers, from heaven sent

I saw this same bride, as the years traveled on
Assume great responsibilities, one by one
She carried them bravely and humbly in life
Suffering great hardships in this world of strife

I saw this young bride bowed down in grief
For the loss of her children, whose lives ever so brief
She overcame sorrow with courage supreme
Picked up the broken threads, and went on unseen

The last picture I saw of this of this young bride
Was an old broken woman, no one by her side
Her hair had turned white, her youth was gone
And she was forsaken and left alone